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[Croker, John Wilson]

Rare

Second Edition, with Additions:

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*THE AMAZONIAD;*

OR,

Figure and Fashion:

A

*SCUFFLE IN HIGH LIFE.*

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL,

INTERSPERSED WITH

Choice Anecdotes of Bon Ton.

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“ Makes Female worthies, in their works,

“ To fight like Termagants and Turks.”

HUDIBRAS.

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*Dublin:*

PRINTED BY JOHN KING,

No. 2, Westmorland-street.

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1806.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

I AM sensible, gentle Reader, of the boldness of the present undertaking, in which I, an obscure and humble individual, have embarked.—I have presumed for your instruction and delight, to draw aside the silken curtains which, like those interposed before a naked Venus, conceal the mysteries of high life from profane eyes. I know, that in ancient times, those, who revealed the great mysteries of certain female deities, were held in extreme abhorrence and marked for execration among the initiated :

“ Vetabo qui Cereris Sacrum

“ Vulgarit,” &c.

HOR.

I am conscious that I shall draw upon me the tongues, and perhaps the talons of many dis-

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tinguished male and female Characters. Some will think that I have said too much about them; some that I said too little; others will be perfectly indignant that they have been wholly omitted. *Non est nostrum tantas componere lites.* Thy improvement, Reader, was my only object, to that I postponed all other considerations. I know thou wilt be wonderfully edified, by the knowledge of high life, the examples of courtly politeness, female virtue, and heroic worth here recorded.

It may perhaps surprize many, that a person, removed like me from the Cabinets of the great and the Boudoirs of the fair, should be able to acquire a knowledge of such high matters. People may be led to question the authenticity of the relations here given, but I pledge myself for the veracity and fidelity of the Narratives: and the surprize of my Reader will cease, when he shall be told, what infinite pains I have taken to procure information. I have searched every corner where knowledge was to be found.—I have assumed various disguises to facilitate my enquiries.—I have worn out many



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pair of Shoes and Boots, and expended many Shillings in Coach-hire.—I have frequented Levees in the Uniform of the Church and the Army.—I have attended Balls and Routs, sometimes as a fashionable Lounger, sometimes in the costume of an old Lady.—I have made myself by turns a Porter, a Chairman, a powdered Footman, a Chimney Sweeper, a Sheriff's Bailiff, and a Parish Watchman, that I might the more readily insinuate myself, by night and by day, into places where whispers might be overheard, and anecdotes of secret History might be gleaned. I have even intrigued with Chamber Maids, to obtain from those faithful repositories of secrecy the information I desired. I have even done more, (Heaven forgive me!)—I have resorted to the Black art, and called up *Spirits from the vasty deep*, to bring me Information. The fruit of all my labours and all my perils is now before the Reader: and I am sure will be equally useful with the labours of Mr. Kelly, who teaches Ladies to manage their Hoops. I am sensible, that to my invisibility, or rather to the variety

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of forms in which I have appeared, I must owe my security from a nest of Hornets, who would swarm about my ears, and sting me to the quick.—Many guesses at my person will be made; but made in vain. It will be as easy to guess the true Author of *Pursuits of Literature*. Many writers, stung with envy, will take up the pen; and perhaps some innocent persons may suffer, and be marked out as the object of personal attack, which I see with sorrow, and lament to say, is too much the fashion in the present ill-natured times. It is really shocking to see what a crop of these prickly weeds the rank soil of *Dublin* has produced!—*Familiar Epistles to the Manager, Cutcha Cutchoo*, (do I spell the word properly?) *The Metropolis* in many Cantos, *Modest Reply by the Manager*, so called, as *Lucus a non lucendo*, from its being immodest; not that I suppose Mr. Jones really wrote the *Modest Reply*. All or any of the Authors of these may be disposed to attack the supposed Author of this Heroicofashionable Poem, delighted with the idea of starting new Game.

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That the Reader may the better understand the following Poem, it is necessary to advert to the circumstance which gave occasion to its composition. On a night, when a play was ordered by the Lord Lieutenant; the Lady of the C\*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\* *pro tempore* demanded; as her right, the box opposite to that in which his Excellency sits on these occasions. This claim was however contended with great heat, by the Lady of a very exalted \*\*\*\*\*\*, herself a person of quality.—The pretensions of the latter were urged with so much ardour and pertinacity, that the military Lady, after almost as great a defence as that the Prince of *Hesse* now makes in *Gaeta*, was obliged to capitulate, and evacuate the box, not however without stipulating for the free and undisturbed possession of the box adjoining, the prior occupant of which was ejected to make room for her, who in turn displaced the next neighbour, until a general dislocation of the solids prevailed, through all the Theatric system, as was learnedly observed by my dear and very good friend *Doctor Hill*.

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This is a great and auspicious æra, *Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur Ordo*. Many a high subject of heroic song croud on the enraptured imagination of the astonished Bard, and if Providence spares me life, I shall endeavour to do justice to them. In the meantime, I beg leave, with all humility, to inscribe these first fruits of my Heroical Lucubrations to the Gallant and Noble Gentlemen who frequent the *Board of Green Cloth*.

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THE  
AMAZONIAD;  
OR  
FIGURE AND FASHION.

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FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

**SUBJECT** *proposed—Invocation—Arrival of the Duke and Duchess—Their great popularity—Joy of the people—To gratify them a play is performed by command—Liberality of the Manager on the occasion—Eagerness of the people to obtain places in the Playhouse—Compared to the eager application for places on a change of ministry—The crowds in the lobby besieging and beseeching Mr. M'Nally—Dennira appears—Description of her person—Apostrophe to the G-----—Dennira's address to Mr. M'Nally—He at first grants her request—Appearance of a competitor—Surprize of every body*

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*—Attended by the mace—Law argument of Philo-  
themis to prove that it would be treason, or at  
least sedition, not to give her the box—Threatens  
M'Nally with Major S - - -—He runs away in a  
fright—Great confusion—War inevitable—Portents  
and prodigies.*

## FIGURE AND FASHION.

WHAT mighty rage the female heart inflames  
 How rivalship embroils ambitious dames,  
 Whose valiant deeds eclipse the warlike praise  
 Of stoutest Amazons in ancient days,  
 And all that modern bards have sung or said,  
 Of bright *Clorinda* and the *Gallic* maid :\*  
 How female bosoms glow with love of place,  
 The General's truncheon clashing with the mace,  
 I tell.—Old Father *Liffey* hears the song;  
 His echoes shall the martial notes prolong. 10  
 And thou, whose waters emblematic crawl  
 Thro' dirt and darkness to the Castle wall,  
 Thou *Poddle*† hear; and as they labouring flow,  
 Thro' many a sewer and aqueduct below,  
 Delay their march, attentive to the sound, 15  
 And irrigate each vault and kitchen round.

\* Joan of Arc.

† The River *Poddle* winds under ground from near the old Episcopal Palace to the Castle, not wholly unlike the course of some, who have been inmates of the aforesaid Palace.

And yet, the Muse recoils from such a strain,  
 The simple mate of rustics on the plain,  
 Confin'd to themes that rural manners yield;  
 The match of ploughing in the furrow'd field, 20  
 The show of cattle, mighty bulls and boars,  
 Rams, ewes, and wethers, hoggets, lambs, and stores.  
 Or if to sing of warriors was her care,  
 She never rose beyond a country fair.  
 But how the feuds of polish'd life to sing! 25  
 The Poet's fingers tremble on the string.  
 He feels how rashly he pushed from shore,  
 In open bark, without a sail or oar.  
 What hand from ship-wreck shall preserve his fame?  
 What influence aid him in the daring aim? 30  
 The hereditary harp, O *M-----*, try,  
 And tune for me prelusive minstrelsy;  
 Then shall my numbers please each courtly ear,  
 And ev'n a Duchess shall vouchsafe to hear.  
 To thee, great arbiter of Elegance 35  
 In concerts, sermons, plays, and mazy dance,  
 The Muse appeals. With powerful aid support  
 This new attendant on a Viceroy's court.  
 Whether reclined in the viceregal coach,\*  
 Or thron'd more airy in the gilt baroach,

\* "Whether you take Cervantes' serious air,  
 "Or nod and shake in Rabelais' easy chair." POPE.



Lend thine assurance to the bashful bard,  
 So may lawn sleeves the charity reward.  
 Meantime let oily *Joe* \* the bagpipe sound,  
 And Ord'nance stores re-echo all around.  
 Then shall a laureat's name the bard adorn, 45  
 And crown of bays by ancient *Gorgey* borne.  
 The very stones shall feel my tuneful pow'rs,  
 And move in ranks to form mortella Tow'rs.

'Twas at the time, when *Russell's* noble son  
 Had prostrate *Erin's* faded sceptre won : 50  
 Our loud acclaims a people's hope confest,  
 And frantic pleasure hail'd the high-born guest.  
 With fond delight the partial croud descry  
 The nose heroic and commanding eye. †  
 With fond delight thro' every line they trace 55  
 How *Russell* virtues animate his face.  
 Brisk as a fairy, volatile as air,  
 The bonny Duchess, blithe and debonnair ;  
 Boast of the *Highland* clans, old *Scotia's* pride,  
 In youthful vigour grac'd the Viceroy's side. 60



\* Mr. A -----, the preceding treasurer of the Ordnance retired on his full salary to make room for him.—The Gentleman is well known as Author of *Love in a Blaze*.

† Imitated from Addison——

“ In every stroke, in every line,  
 “ See some exalted virtue shine,  
 “ And Albion's happiness we trace  
 “ In every feature of his face.”

Still as she pass'd, the choral song arose,  
*Success to the Duchess wherever she goes.*  
What crowds prest forward as affection led,  
And eager eyes with ceaseless gazing fed.

To satisfy the wishes of the land, 65  
A comedy was ordered "by Command;"  
That happy *Teague* might revel in delight,  
And at the Viceroy stare a live-long night;  
For, be it mentioned underneath the rose,  
All savages are fond of raree shows. 70  
The thrifty Manager, tho' cook profest,\*  
Was poz'd to cater for the scenic feast.  
For, sooth to say, full many a barn affords  
A better company than tramp his boards.  
Then Heaven enlarg'd, O *J---s*, thy frugal mind,  
To glad with bounty all the vassal kind. 76  
He added ten pence to their weekly pay,†  
And ev'ry spouter had two meals that day.

~~~~~  
\* The culinary talents of this gentleman have been celebrated by other writers, much yet remains unsung.

† Lest commentators should be in doubt an hundred years hence, why ten pence was the precise modicum added, you are to know it was on account of the most current coin at that time—ten penny tokens. The pittance allowed at present to performers in Dublin, is well calculated to

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Good jockies all are in the rule agreed,  
 To work their horses well, and well to feed : 80  
 By different maxims human brutes we treat,  
 Man sorely toils and sparingly should eat.  
 This sage advice the manager retains,  
 And meagre diet through the green room reigns.

No sooner was the gracious purpose known, 85  
 Than expectation travell'd o'er the town  
 On flapping wings, and call'd the grave, the gay,  
 To meet their new chief ruler at the play.  
 Sure never glow'd in opposition breast,  
 Such love of place as then the croud possest. 90  
 Say, hast thou levied in the changeful hour,  
 Some party leader, newly call'd to pow'r?  
 Say, hast thou marked how visages impart,  
 The greedy wishes and the throbbing heart?  
 Say, hast thou stood th' expectant crowd among, 95  
 That E----- anti-room, on Fridays throng;  
 And bar and army seen, and church and state,  
 With anxious awe their oracle await?

~~~~~

qualify them for acting ghosts. The players are not  
 unaptly called Vassal train, to express the sovereign autho-  
 rity exercised by his Most Despotic Highness the Manager.

Then, Reader, some faint notion might be form'd  
 How hope and fear the public bosom storm'd. 100  
 Then might'st thou judge what eager, throbbing hearts,  
 What loud pretensions and what cringing arts,  
 The great, the little show'd, the high, the low,  
 The belle, the punk, the citizen, the beau.

There *Corcorans, Keenaghans, Mullowneys* came, 105  
*Burns, Killaughers, Shaughnessys* well known to fame,  
*M'Laughlins, Dempsys, Murphys, Mooneys* urged  
 their claim.

Round *Macanally* prest a mingled croud,  
 Liberal in promise, in petition loud ;  
 All begging places, for by heaven's decree, 110  
 The Castle Spectre \* of that house was he.  
 Amid the lobby he majestic stands,  
 The sheet † portentous trembling in his hands :  
 He hears their claims, their merits he debates,  
 Inspects the mystic leaf, and sings their fates ; 115

\* A kind of Deity much worshipped by the wild Irish, and which is supposed to have the power of looking into futurity and telling fortunes. Its temple is situated between two banking houses and the Irish treasury.

† Sheet—A large Chart on which the ichnography of the Boxes is delineated, and according to which they are engaged from the box-keeper.

Some he receives, and sternly some repels,  
 These grief o'erwhelms, those exultation swells.  
 Thus, on the bank of *Styx* when *Charon* stood,  
 And shades by myriads sought to pass the flood,\*  
 Some he rejected, some to pass allow'd, 120  
 And grief and joy alternate filled the crowd.

Let every head in adoration bow,  
 Let all the crowd superior claims allow;  
 And all confess in that portentous hour,  
 The sovereign sway of beauty's magic power. 125  
 From right to left † ye beaus and belles recede,  
 Her high pretensions let *Dennira* plead.  
 What eastern harems brighter charms contain,  
 Than *Liffey's* banks can shew, and *Erin's* plain?  
 O, happy General, tho' the swarthy east 130  
 The prowess of thy conqu'ring arm confest;



- \* " Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursur  
 " Tendebantque manus Ripæ ulterioris amore.  
 " Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos,  
 " Ast alios longe submotos arcet arenâ." VIRGIL.

† Right to left—The author here shews consummate judgment, *scit reddere convenientia cuique*—when he comes to speak of a General's Lady, and describe the croud making way for her, he employs terms applicable to military evolutions.

*Mysore* and *Tanjore*, *Gauts* and rivers past,  
 How poor were all thy conquests to the last !  
 In her embrace more treasure he explores,  
 'Than *lacs* uncounted and unnumbered *crores* :\* 135  
 Behold her eyes, and mark how dimly shine  
 Thine emeralds, *Gani*, and *Golconda's* mine ;  
 Corn, wine, and oil her beauteous looks expand,  
 And seem to call us to the promis'd land.  
 Like *Ceres* rich, in gladsome triumph borne, 140  
 Or Plenty's Goddess, but without a horn :  
 What pow'r of words her tempting charms may reach,  
 Firm as an apple, juicy as a peach.  
 Like the full moon, her face resplendant shows,  
 Her breasts are hillocks crown'd with living snows.  
 ————— the modest muse no farther pries, 145  
 'The citadel is kept for soldier eyes.†  
 With smiles that prefac'd ev'ry word she spoke,  
 From coral lips persuasive accents broke :  
 " *Mac*, honest fellow, I the box engage, 150  
 " That fronts the Viceroy's and adjoins the stage ;

\* *Lacs* and *Crores*—Indian terms for sums of money.

† I cannot sufficiently admire the discretion of the poet in drawing in the reins of imagination which else might have run away with him at full gallop, into the paradise of *Mabomet* and all the luxuriance of *Asiatic* description.—*Gauts* mountain passes to the hill country.

" The General to the Viceroy should be near,  
 " Flame in the van or sparkle in the rear ;  
 " This post, dear Devil, let thy care defend,  
 " And I, by Heav'n, for ever am thy friend ; 155  
 " Thy next review \* shall own my fostering aid,  
 " To thy support I'll march a whole brigade."

Such charms, such accents might a God have caught,  
 Much more, a man of fleshly substance wrought.  
 The sheet he view'd, he seized the ready quill, 160  
 And mark'd the station at the charmer's will.

The charmer curtsey'd with commanding grace,  
 And conscious triumph flush'd her lovely face.  
 But ah, how frail and transient man's delight ! †  
 How soon the fairest morn is clos'd in night ! 165  
 Brief the possession of all human things,  
 Doubtful the fate of beauties and of kings.  
 Pass some few days, *Dennira* shall lament  
 The hour *M'Nally* gave his rash consent,

~~~~~

\* Meaning, perhaps, the Box-keeper's Benefit.

† " Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,  
 " Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis.  
 " Turno tumpus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum  
 " Intactum Pailanta ; et cum spolia ista diemque  
 " Oderit."

VIRGIL.

Think not thy conquest sure, triumphant dame,  
A mighty rival shall dispute the claim. 171

“ Make way, make way there,” thro’ the lobby  
sounds ;

“ The stately mace th’ astonished crowd confounds.  
With winning smile, conciliatory grace,  
Then gentle *D - - - r* display’d his pleasant face.\* 175  
His Finger and his Thumb were still in play,  
And nasal off’rings strew’d the slimy way.  
Symbol of Justice, when the mace they saw,  
The crowd retir’d with reverential awe.  
Shrill menaces are heard, and words of ire, 180  
With eyes indignant and with cheeks of fire,  
A dame advanc’d impetuous to the charge ;  
In form not ample, but in spirit large.  
Thus *Tydeus* in a narrow compass show’d  
What mighty virtues in his bosom glow’d. 185  
An high-born worth her conscious look exprest,  
Th’ astonished Box-keeper she thus addrest :  
“ Are Rules of Equity acknowledged here ?  
“ For this Decree, do precedents appear ?

\* A gentleman of prepossessing looks and manners, of singular urbanity and singleness of heart. It must gratify the public to know, that he has accumulated an estate of four or five thousand a year, through the mere blessing of Providence on disinterested virtue, without any exertion of his own.



- 
- “ Ere your Injunction \* shall possess the dame ; 190  
 “ Let a Petitioner re-hearing claim.  
 “ *Philothemis* my Name, in heaven enroll’d,  
 “ The mace of justice in my grasp I hold.—  
 “ Say, shall the truncheon with the mace contend ?  
 “ To Martial Law, shall Courts of Justice bend ? 195  
 “ To back my wishes I *Papinian* bring,  
 “ He keeps the conscience of our Lord the King.  
 “ His *Irish* conscience, for the Laws decide,  
 “ He has a conscience on the other side,  
 “ And *Erskine* keepsit ; but what Fate allows 200  
 “ To *Teague* and *Pat* is guarded by my spouse.  
 “ When *Æolus* the wind in bags confin’d,  
 “ To wise *Ulysses* he the charge assigned.  
 “ Thus in a purse, our gracious King imparts,  
 “ His seal’d-up conscience to some man of arts. 205



\* There is great beauty in this passage ; the character is admirably preserved. As *Dennira* had used military terms, so the fair and noble pleader shows much technical knowledge. When a Decree has been obtained, an Injunction goes to put the party in possession. Before a decree is enrolled, a re-hearing is granted on petition. I refer the female reader to *Miford's* Chancery practice, for information on this abstruse subject.

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- “ If to the Sovereign conscience should be near,  
 “ Near should it's Keeper be ; not day so clear.  
 “ And what disloyal tongue shall dare to say,  
 “ The King can ever from his conscience stray ?\*  
 “ Seditious is the wretch, who would divide, 210  
 “ The conscience-keeper from the Sovereign's side.  
 “ It tends to raise suspicions most unjust,  
 “ It tends to fill the public with distrust.  
 “ The purse and seal be ever full in view,  
 “ That all may know the people have their due. 215  
 “ I, as their keeper's half, should near be found  
 “ To Sovereign's Delegate, on *Irish* ground.  
 “ And she who would exclude me from my place,  
 “ Would Law resist and Government disgrace.  
 “ 'Tis contumacy, 'tis contempt of Court.— 220  
 “ Serjeant at Arms, my dignity support.—  
 “ In such a Cause, I'll make a mighty stir,  
 “ And call in M-----, call in Major S---.”
- 

\* Such is the maxim of the law—the King can do no wrong. The argument of the Lady is close and unanswerable. The King can do no wrong, therefore is inseparable from his conscience, *ergo*, inseparable from the keeper of it, his C. . . . ., *ergo* inseparable from the C. . . . . 's wife, who is the better half of the C. . . . ., *ergo*, he who separates the C. . . . . 's wife from the King would separate the King and his conscience, or insinuate that they may be separated, and is no good subject.—Q. E. D.

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'These words of terror acted like a spell.—  
As at the appearance of some fiend of Hell,  
Pale and aghast poor *Macanally* stands,  
The pen and ink now glided from his hands.—  
He tore the sheet, he vanish'd in a fright,  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.  
His flight so sudden, all the croud divides, 230  
Perplex'd they range, the Door-keepers their guides.  
The House was all before them, where to choose;  
But who shall grant them Boxes or refuse;  
A while they hesitate, a while they pause,  
'Then brutal force supplies the place of laws.— 235

Unnumber'd Portents, dreadful and deform,  
Announc'd the rising of a fatal storm.—  
Pease fell in torrents, Goblins danc'd in air,  
With flashing Rosin, Stage and Green-Room glare.  
Along the lofts terrific thunder roll'd, 240  
The Catcall scream'd, the Bell of *Jaffier* toll'd.  
Untouch'd by any hand the Basses roar,  
Masques move, without their heads, along the floor.  
From every trap-door Demons rise to view,  
And Sisters weird th' infernal Chaldron brew. 245  
Exulting Discord hail'd the loud alarms,  
And all the combatants prepare for arms.

But now 'tis time to rest my wearied steed,  
Another song shall bid the war proceed.\* 249

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\* See the description of the prodigies that announced the death of Julius Cæsar.——Virgil's Georgics, Book the first.

—END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

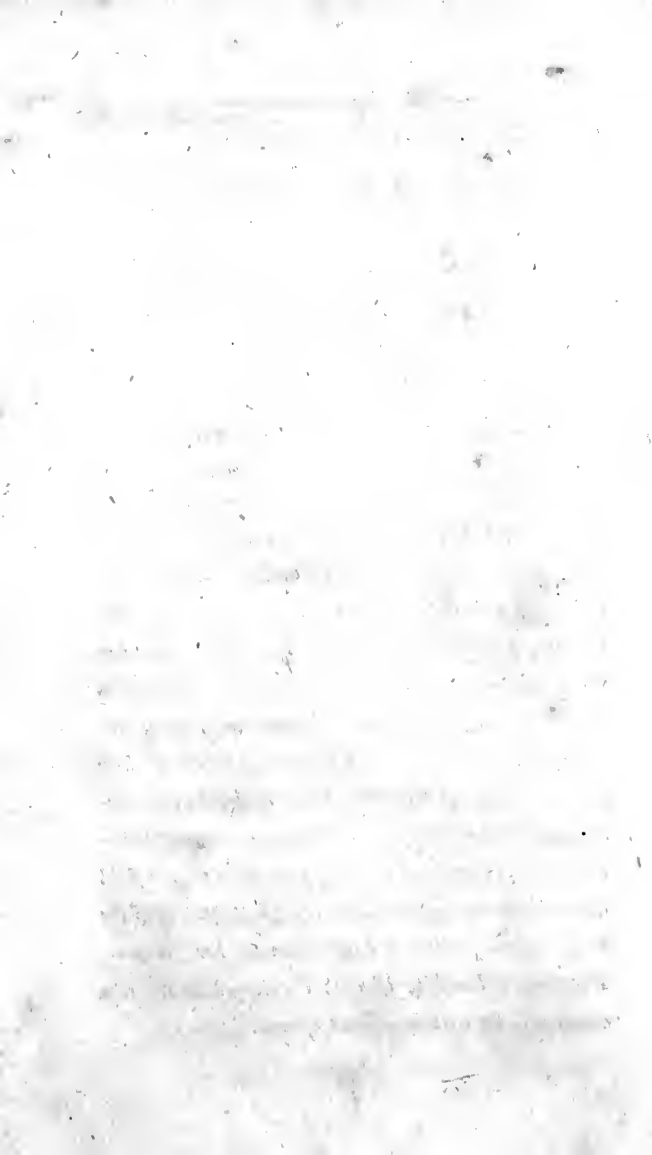
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## THE AMAZONIAD, &c.

### SECOND CANTO.

#### ARGUMENT.

**INVOCATION**—*Doctor Y-----.*—His condescension and pious resignation in coming to this Country—*Irruption of the Goths and Vandals into the Castle—They are chased away by the prowess of Sir Charles, a gentle Knight—The Poet regrets the disgrace of some distinguished Characters—Rejoicings for the Victory—The Court determines to go to the Theatre—Catalogue of the Party and Order of their going—Company in the Boxes described—Battle commences—The military skill of Denna commended—Her wise precaution in taking possession of the field of Battle in the disputed Box at the first opening of the Box Doors—Judicious disposition of her forces—Determined hostility of both Parties—Philothemis commences the attack—Great uproar.*



# AMAZONIAD;

OR,

## FIGURE AND FASHION.

### SECOND CANTO.

TO all that in the pale of Fashion dwell,  
The Blade of spirit, and the lively Belle,  
To all the lounging, simp'ring, idle Crew,  
That yawn and languish still for something new,  
Or gape, like Oysters, in the Tide of Time, 5  
For what it brings, the Author sends his Rhyme.—  
Think not, dear Ladies, think not, gentle Squires,  
That malice prompts him, or resentment fires;  
Nor, while he paints, by wand'ring Fancy led,  
Apply the Cap to any private Head; 10  
Like wise Ulysses he for knowledge strayed,  
And various Scenes and Characters survey'd.  
Tho' living forms imagination warm,  
Beshrew my heart if I intend you harm!  
I seize the Harp, I call the ready Muse, 15  
What Bard a Theme so tempting could refuse?  
What Knights and Sages, from *Britannia* borne,  
What peerless Dames a *Russell's* Court adorn!

Auspicious days await this happy Land.  
 See the *Green Cloth* forgotten cates expand.\* 20  
 On Castle Guard, to cheer the Captain's toil,  
 And light each Ensign's features, with a smile.  
 While courteous Knights I consecrate to fame  
 And sing the triumphs of each courtly Dame.  
 Dear to the sovereign of the tuneful nine,† 25  
 His sapient ear, may letter'd Y- - -s incline.  
 Could my poor Muse, like thee, O! Y- - -s indite  
 At once prescriptions and addresses write,  
 I should not then, thro' many a street and lane,  
 With strolling minstrels pour an abject strain: 30  
 My song might hope to reach a viceroy's ear,  
 Smooth ‡ chaplains sing, and future bishops hear.

Illustrious citizen of *Bedford* town,  
 Grac'd with square cap, and aldermanic gown,  
 In solemn token of thy twofold station, 35  
 High plac'd in *Pwan's* hall, and corporation:  
 Oh, could he light, like *F- -ns*, his visage up,  
 And tinge his features in a double cup;

\* The Board of Green Cloth, which has been long disused,  
 was restored.

† Apollo, God of physic as well as of poetry.

‡ I mean no accusation here against their manhood.



Or could he boast eternal bloom like *V---e*,  
 For thee the poet to the pipe should dance. \* 40  
 Mean time from us, indulgent sage, receive  
 Such humble honours as the land may give:  
 Thrice welcome from the joys that *Bedford* yields;  
 To deep potations and potatoe fields:  
 Thrice welcome, to the land of drizzling fogs,  
 Bulls, blunders, *Galilæans*, and mad dogs. 46  
 Oh pious soul, in meek submission, he  
 Bows to high heaven's omnipotent decree: †  
 Oh say, what station shall his wand'rings close?  
 In what snug corner shall his age repose? 50  
 Whether his talents Providence may call,  
 To shine the ranger of *Lock Hospital*;



\* Let not the author be misunderstood—He means no unclean allusion to the professional pursuits and applications of the Doctor, as though the poet of his praise should be put in sudden motion by the operation of a *C-----r Pipe*, that would be a silly, preposterous, unsavoury and misplaced joke, a joke *a posteriori*—*minus aptus acutis naribus borum hominum*.

† “ With submissive resignation to the sovereign controller of events,” could the pious *M*— say more when he was appointed at last to the twice promised and long expected Bishopric? I am happy at having an opportunity of congratulating this evangelic character, on the reward of his patience and long suffering,

Or make him taster of Vaccine infection,

Or president of Digital collection.\*

For thee the College honours due prepare, 55

Install thee high in their professor's chair ;

Diplomas they in pill-boxes bestow,

And hemlock garlands wreath, to crown thy brow.

For thee, they meditate such civic feast,†

As sons of *Pæan* only can digest : 60

For thee, with castor-oil, their sallads brew,

With asafœtida enrich the stew :

With manna, squills, they mix nectarious hoard,

And draughts of ether circle round the board.

For thee, mephitic gas in clouds shall roll, 65

And vital air shall impregnate the bowl :

For thee - - - - - but turn my muse, recount the fray,

The ladies chide thee for thy long delay.

\* Gathering *Digitalis* or Fox glove—The apothecaries of *Dublin* assemble for the purpose, at a certain time of the year, and repair to a pass in the mountains called the *Scalp*, where the plant is found.

† As there was a great round of cabinet dinners, on a certain late change, to drink success to the new administration, so, there was a great round of medical, surgical, and apothecarial dinners, to welcome the Doctor to *Ireland*, and drink a *feverish spring*, a *sickly summer*, and *aguish autumn*,—*pia vota* ! they had all the good things above enumerated, with many other dainties prepared according to the *London Art of Cookery—Pharmacopœia Londinensis*.

As the cold north pours forth her barb'rous sons,  
*Vandals, and Alans, Lombards, Goths; and Huns;\** 70  
 Delicious climes invite the savage mind;  
 They come like locusts, warping on the wind.  
 An uncouth deluge o'er the castle spread,  
 A desperate Town Clerk these invaders led:  
 Grocers and cooks were there, a rabble rout, 75  
 With sturdy vintners, as their liquor stout;  
 There fierce attornies struck with wild affright  
 The peer insolvent and the bankrupt knight;  
 For Castle suppers they so keen were set,  
 Ev'n cutlers came, their appetite to whet.† 80  
 Not more tumultuous take their noisy way  
 Voters to hustings, on election day.  
 With greater rage the *Poddle* never rose,  
 With filth and foam redundant as it goes,

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\* "A multitude like which the populous north  
 "Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 "Rbene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous sons  
 "Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 "Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands." MILTON.

† Sir *Charles Vernon* blunted the edge of their appetite, not with a *billet doux*, but *billet amer*, or *lettre de cachet*, apprising them that at the Castle they would be considered as persons of an agreeable absence—*Anglice*, their room would be more pleasing than their company.

O'er-spread the kitchens with impetuous sway, 85  
 And swept the cates and delicates away.  
 The Castle dames in tender accents moan'd,  
 The Castle chaplains in the spirit groaned.  
 Then bold Sir C-----s was roused with holy zeal,  
 The wounded honour of the state to feel; 90  
 Sir C-----s, distinguish'd for equestrian feat,  
 From horsemanship yet aching in his seat;  
 For there had Y-----s his healing hand apply'd,  
 And loss of skin, diachylon supply'd.\*  
 Not greater zeal the christian knight inflam'd 95  
 At Acre, when the *Corsican* he tam'd.  
 Th' enchanted spear he seized with puissant hand,  
 And drove th' unhallow'd crew from holy land.

Yet undistinguishing his fury chas'd †  
 Some that ev'n regal drawing-rooms had grac'd. 100  
 Merchants themselves are chac'd, incongruous  
 thought,  
 From scenes where thousands have been sold and  
 bought.

\* The Dutchess insisted that Sir C----- should attend her on horse-back on an excursion. He remonstrated, and declared on the faith of a true knight, he had never rode in his life. Her Grace answered, it was time he should begin.—No excuse would be admitted. He was set on a fiery charger.—But this adventure deserves a separate poem.

† “Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious, loyal, and neutral in a moment?—No man.” SHAKESPEARE.

Alas, Sir *John*, \* how tears my utterance drown!  
 Accomplish'd Scriv'ner, is thy worth unknown?  
 Art thou excluded? let the Viceroy look, 105  
 Mark thine establishment, thy Gallic cook.  
 'Tis piteous, Oh! thee G-----th † I bewail.—  
 Are brilliant buckles then of no avail?  
 Thy mein so sweet, demeanour so polite,  
 Thy wig so flaxen, and thy face so white! 110  
 Dress and address like thine might well comport  
 With silken circles in the crowded court.  
 Ev'n F-----ng was ‡ rejected, form'd by fate,  
 A *Tuscan* column to sustain the state;



\* This is a just anticipation, generally adopted, and indicative of the public sense of this accomplished and polite attorney's high deserts and pretensions. He is not yet knighted, but he has long been the companion of the great and noble. He is truly a consequential man. The term scrivener seems to have been admitted for the sake of the rhyme, not in contempt of this most important attorney.

† A *Belle Esprit* of an uncommon ease and elegance in his manners. He had fair pretensions to be received at the Castle by prescription, as he was formerly a member of the *Irish* Parliament and must have dined at the alphabet-dinners.

‡ The admirable Creighton of the Attorney's Corps. I have seen him preside at a court martial with real dignity.

Strange versatility, in one combin'd, 115  
 Th' attorney's pen is with a laurel twin'd!  
 He bids discordant aims in one agree,  
 Captain, philosopher, and agent he :  
 Now great *tactician* marches to the Park,  
 Now, like Sir *Isaac*, solves some problem dark, 120  
 Now lifts his eye to count the starry host,  
 Now pores discreetly on a bill of cost :  
 The range of science there his cares enlarge,  
 He swells the catalogue, augments the charge.

This feat atchiev'd, loud *Io Pean* sound, 125  
 Trophies are rais'd, the vaulted roofs rebound :  
 And while the victors revell'd in delight,  
 A galaxy of lamps emblaz'd the night.  
 In solemn pomp, their triumphs to declare,  
 Now, for the theatre the crowd prepare. 130  
 Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who  
 last,  
 To *Crow-Street*, with the Castle Spectre past.\*



\* The Secretary is considered as the domestic genius, the Lar or household God of the Castle, therefore, the crowd is with peculiar propriety made to follow him, particularly as there was a great demand for *places* at this juncture.

He, as expectants various fates impell,  
Brings with him "airs from heav'n and blasts from  
hell."

Pale tho' he glares, yet him you never meet 135  
Burst from his *cercments* in a winding sheet.

Nor yet with saucer eye the crowd he daunts,  
In silks and sattins drawing-rooms he haunts.

His wardrobe lilac velvets can afford,

The star-bright buttons, and the studded sword; 140

Far other weeds than deck the shadowy host,

Or furnish out the toilet of a Ghost:

With plumage nodding, and with fans display'd,

The gay seducer led the cavalcade.

When thro' the streets his daily walk he takes; 145

Each female heart with tender tumult akes,

The Balconies are throng'd with fond delight,

And ladies call the youth the pavement knight.\*



\* I need not dwell on the character here introduced, not to know him would argue my Reader unknown, no visitant at the Castle, no inmate of polite houses—But if this poem should fall into the hands of the vulgar and ignorant, contrary to my intentions, I will condescend to refer them for further information to a publication, called *Familiar Epistles*, and ascribed to one hundred different authors.

Full in the van Sir C- - - - -r appears,  
 A coat of blazon on his back he bears.\* 150  
 Then came Sir C- - - - -, by nature form'd in sport,  
 The harmless Zany of a merry court.  
 O heav'n-taught chamberlain, so born and bred,  
 With grace to light the ladies up to bed; †  
 To see their secrets with no tell-tale eye; 155  
 Lay on their rouge, and their cosmetics buy:  
 Some forty birth-days added let him see,  
 And what *Polonius* was, shall *V- - - -* be.  
 Next good Sir G- - - - -, ordained Sir C- - - - -'s aid,  
 In doing nothing, (as by Teague 'tis said). 160  
 In second childhood, of a green old age,  
 In years like *Nestor*, but not quite as sage.

\* *Ulster King at Arms*, a necessary person on this occasion to marshal the triumphal procession, to proclaim the victory over the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and to declare war with them according to the terms and stipulations of the *red and black lists* and *Joyeuse Entree* of the Castle. Sir C- - - - - keeps his shop of honours and College of arms in the house formerly occupied by Mrs. *Mayne*, better known by the name of *Sally M' Laine*.

† The term *Grace* here most happily admits of a double sense to denote not only the elegance of manner, but the purity of intention; with which this carpet knight, dubb'd with un-hack'd rapier, performs his various and confidential carnival functions.



He, shallow as the babbling \* brook enjoys  
 His own anility of ceaseless noise.  
 There *H*——† was found, from the seraglio drawn  
 By love of Novelty and love of Lawn. 166  
 No fairer youth the *Bosphorus* survey'd,  
 No fairer youth with *Saint Sophia* stray'd;  
 Soft was his speech, seducing were his airs,  
 Most meet for bedchambers or state affairs. 170  
 His predecessor was no vulgar Scot,  
 Called from the Castle to a fairer lot,  
 With thrifty grace the lawn unstain'd to keep,  
 Saint *Peter* fed, but *L* - - - - - shears his sheep.  
 Cares truly pastoral his mind employ, 175  
 Fines to demand and tenants to destroy;  
 To plant potatoes, watch and ward maintain;  
 For sleep is murder'd thro' the fair domain:  
 Should midnight prowlers sacrilege commit,  
 With bell and book he'll send them to the pit. 180

\* So Grey in his Elegy—

“ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”

† Commentators conjecture that this passage is descriptive of a young Abbe of fair hopes, who had formerly a situation in the Embassy to *Constantinople*. Quere—Whether *lawn* here means *lawn Shifts* or *lawn Sleeves*? Perhaps the young gemman may make a shift to combine them.

Crosier in hand he stalks the precincts round,  
 And \* warriors arm'd protect the hallow'd ground.  
 C-----h, entitled by paternal strain,  
 To tell th' Exchequer, nor to tell in vain,  
 Was there, † more proud of Ensign's novel rank,‡  
 Than were he made Director of the Bank. 186  
 Next M----- who bewails, with tearful eye,  
 That dying Prelates will not wholly die.  
 May'st thou no second disappointment know,  
 But live to bury *Limerick* or *Raphoe*: 190  
 Then might'st thou shine in mitred carriage borne,  
 And grace lawn sleeves, § as thee lawn sleeves adorn.

\* That the reader may comprehend this passage, I must inform him that on various turnpike gates and ----- posts in the vicinity of *Dublin* a *programma* or *affiche* has appeared, denouncing death and destruction to all "who may trespass on the demesne late the property of Mr. *Maber*, and now the residence of the Lord ----- &c." and apprising them that men in arms are stationed all night in said demesne! I do not find that other Noblemen and Gentlemen in the County of *Dublin* are driven to adopt similar measures.

† There was in former ages, when Pigs were Swine, a certain Sir Henry who had a finger in the Treasury pie. In his accounts was a certain *Hiatus valde defensus*. I would recommend the history of the business to Mr. *Cobbet*.

‡ The rank of Ensign newly bestowed to qualify him to be Aid du Camp.

§ "Si qua Fato aspera rumpas  
 Tu Marcellus eris."

With nose upturn'd and reconnoitring eyes,\*  
 Intent to seize our blunders as they rise,  
 The vanity, the stupid admiration, 195  
 And aukward flattery, of our foolish nation ;†  
 And food purvey for hourly ridicule,  
 From tones and gestures of each *Irish* fool.  
 Now simp'ring, now with sly sardonic grin,  
 That spoke the movements of contempt within, 200  
 Came S—— F—— tempting to the view,  
 Of Sphynx the features, with an *Æthiop's* hue.  
 A bouncing charmer, fit to deal with man,  
 And wrestle fairly on the *Spartan* plan.  
 With these a bevy of alluring Dames,  
 'Twould ask a *Maro's* muse to sing their names.  
 Cornets and Chaplains, shallow, pert and vain,  
 The living lumber of a Viceroy's train.  
 All these and more in state to *Crow-Street* haste,  
 The swinish many wonder'd as they past :



\* *Omnia suspendens naso adunco*, is the motto of these witty Ladies, who cut and carve the foolish, blundering Irish, at an unmerciful rate.

† More foolish in nothing than in their indiscriminate Hospitality to Strangers, who laugh at them and their disregard of their own country.

For since the UNION to that glorious day,  
 They had not seen a cavalcade so gay ;  
 Henchmen, and Pages, Footmen all a-row,  
 With gentlemen at large, a goodly show ;  
 Coaches and chariots, \* gorgeous liveries, 215  
 Oh 'twas a sight to rennovate sore eyes.



\* That fiction is the soul of Poetry, the honest Author in the abundance of his love for Truth, must acknowledge, that it is only by poetic licence that he has made Major *B.* and Sir *C.* inseparable companions in the Viceregal train.—Truth is, let them scent and essence themselves, as they will, they are in bad odour with the bonny Lass. Sir *C.* has incurred her incurable displeasure by his pious love of Castle etiquette, and manful resistance to the dancing propensity of the fair and noble Lady, in defence of ancient ceremonial. She seems to regard him much as *Sancho* did the dread *Doctor*, with his wand, or rather as a kind of male *Duenna*, stationed to be a restraint on mirth, a damper of pleasures. She looks upon him, as a man of an agreeable absence, whose presence may well be dispensed with at the private parties where mirth and jollity—

“ Trip it, as they go,

“ On the light fantastic toe.”

Poor *B.* poor *C.* virtuous martyrs to the righteous love of forms. Ye are laid under an interdict—no coach allowed to carry you—ye are excluded from the private parties, amerced of the joyous suppers, forced to wear livery ; but to us—  
 “ *Quis talia fando temperet a Lachrymis?*”

Now at the Theatre arriv'd, they found  
 In every Box, above, below, around;  
 Beauty and fashion, all was fair and fine;  
 The muslins flutter and the jewels shine. 220  
 Some of the Names the muses can rehearse,  
 The rest to men'ry dead, are lost to verse.  
 There like horn'd beetle, - - - they spy;  
 With sharp proboscis and with staring eye.  
 Bulky and huge, beside her sate my Lord, 225  
 With chops yet wat'ring from the sumptuous board.  
 Large as some porpoise cast upon the strand,  
 Or *Tityus* stretching o'er a length of land.  
 A slobbering bib around his neck was dight,  
 Drops to receive, that savoury smells excite. 230  
 Behold their hope, the C - - - too advance,  
 With arts of dress; imported new *France*.  
 No youth exists of base or noble race,  
 So nice a judge of muslin and of lace.  
 No youth a neck-cloth ties with air so smart, 235  
 But dear he purchased that important art.  
 On Gallic shores a Virtuoso taught,  
 The precious secret fifty Pieces bought.  
 Her Cards awhile fair *M*———*h* resigns  
 And ancient *J*——— from the *Austrian* lines,\* 240

\* Not *perpendicular lines*—they are not in the General's way—but lines military.

Known for the triumphs that *Cassino* brings,  
And fam'd in annals of the four great Kings.  
With air affected, and with soften'd tone,  
She too was there with spirit all her own,  
Who lisps invectives with so mild an air, 250  
The bitter words might seem a lover's prayer :  
Who twice a wife, and yet almost a maid,  
By foolish trust in outward form betray'd ;  
To lose at cards, the memory contrives,  
Of short discomforts matrimony gives. 250  
And buxom - - - -, with a jolly grace,  
Beside her sister shows a lion face.  
And homely *M--n* lab'ring to support  
Th' imposing airs that suit a place at Court ;  
To chace the goody from her air and gait 255  
For statesmen's wives should ever keep their state.

His ancient wardrobe *Joseph* then reveal'd,  
For ten Olympiads from the sun conceal'd.  
Silks, velvets, tabbinets, were all display'd,  
Points, lace, fringe, embroidery, and brocade. 260  
All hues that in a bed of tulips glow,  
And garments more than *Monmouth-Street* can show.  
Raptur'd he gaz'd—joy elevates his crest—  
A lively dress he singled from the rest.  
Pea-green the coat—the vest was saxon blue— 265  
The sattin small-cloths were of sable hue.

His silken stockings, which had once been white,  
 With golden clocks the gazer's eye delight.  
 His stuccoed head would make a Stoic smile,  
 Of pins an armoury—of curls a pile. 270  
 His downy chin the pumice double smooth'd,  
 Precipitate\* the pang from creepers sooth'd.  
 But why should I attempt in humble rhymes,  
 To paint the finery of other times?  
 Of *H——d* stem *Stuarta* there appears, 275  
 A noble virgin of twice twenty years.  
 Old *R——* too that night her cards resigned,  
 Of manners vulgar, but of jolly mind:  
 She† too was there, who left each wond'ring guest,  
 To seek Viceregal notice at the feast. 280



\* Before the introduction of wigs, (a fashion which has conducted much to cleanliness) the use of white precipitate was well known to ladies who were blest with fine heads of hair.

† It is a most delectable story how the company were invited on a long notice, by my Lady *J——y*—how they all expected a ball and supper, took their measures accordingly, and sent off their carriages and servants, desiring them to return at three in the morn—How Lady *J——y* marched off to Lady *Van's* ball, to see the Duchess, and left her *saro spouse* to bow the company out of the house supperless as well as he could.

The guests indignant saw their hostess fly  
 To pick cold bones with *Van*\* and quality :  
 Her husband bowing cries, (poor civil man)  
 “ My lady wife is fled to lady *Van*.”  
 The mendicant of peerage there they found, 285  
 In snows of age, with youthful vices crown’d,  
 Who kept no promise, serv’d no useful end,  
 Spent princely fortunes, never had a friend.  
 There too, with solid everlasting grin,  
 And all the phlegm of *Holland*, *Van* was seen,† 290  
 A sober youth—but haste ! what dire alarms,  
 Prelusive sound a symphony for arms.

High notes of discord, screams of female rage,  
 Lament, and menace, now all ears engage.  
 No trivial causes hostile fury move, 295  
 No vulgar combatants their valour prove.  
*Precedence*, potent cause, to warfare brings,  
 Ambitious Females, and contending Kings.

\* Commentators are in great doubt who is meant by *Van*, some think *Vanbomrigh*, others *Vansittart*, some *Vanneck*, some *Vanbutchell*, some *Vandeput*, &c. &c.

† I am in doubt as to the person here meant, perhaps it may mean some wealthy merchant, or thriving haberdasher, perhaps some clerk in a public office, who possesses a comfortable opacity of intellect, and a moderate knowledge of vulgar arithmetic.



To martial science was *Dennira* train'd,\*  
She knew how much by vigilance is gained. 300  
Scarce her Videts the doors had open found,  
She came and seized on the disputed ground.  
In books of tactics, and reports she saw  
“ Possession makes eleven points of law,”  
For conversant was she, with modern entries, 305  
And puzzled Lawyers, with *black letter ventries*.  
Her plummy females in the van appear,  
Her garrison battalions guard the rear.  
The silken general wisely stay'd away,  
But sent his lady to partake the fray ; 310  
No dame like her can shake the guiding rein,  
Or tame the courser on the dusty plain :  
To thee, *Dennira*, scarce she yields in charms,  
And scarcely yields pre-eminence in arms.

The beauteous leader, in-herself a host, 315  
Sate with her flank supported by a post.†

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\* It is highly in character that the daughter of an Attorney and the wife of a General should be trained in the science of offence and defence, should know all the value of anticipation, and be ready to seize on every advantage.

† This was her *Point D'Appui*, to speak in the military phrase. But quere, what post? a military or an architectural post? a post in the army, or a post under government?

In this position waits the storm, and shows  
A countenance imposing to the foes.  
Nor waited long—for hostile tongues are heard,  
And fierce *Philothemis* in force appear'd. 320  
In ancient days, as 'tis by *Homer* sung,  
The *Trojan* Bands came on, with clam'rous tongue.  
Th' assailants war proclaim, in wrathful tones,  
“ Where is the Box-keeper? say where is *Jones*?  
“ Turn out the bold intruder with disgrace ; 325  
“ We'll teach the lady to usurp a place.”  
Never before such balanc'd forces met,  
For warlike Rubbers so complete a set.  
Nor proud *Dennira* to the claim will yield,  
Nor will *Philothemis* resign the field. 330  
The fair each moment in their anger rose,  
Words lead to words, and blows elicit blows.  
The Gods above, tho' far from sight remov'd,  
With shrilly cat calls aid the din they lov'd.  
The powers of discord ruled in frantic mood ;  
And stern *Erinnys* dipt her torch in blood. 336

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

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THE  
AMAZONIAD;  
OR  
FIGURE AND FASHION.

---

THIRD CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

*AUTHOR* regrets that the days of Chivalry are no more, and that Ladies are obliged to fight their own battles when questions of Precedence occur.—Fight begins—Philothemis attempts to pull Dennira from her seat, is foiled in the attempt, throws a bowl of tea in her face—Dennira's brave resistance; She drives a half-sucked orange into the mouth of Philothemis, who returns discomfited—Themis observes this, assumes the semblance of a Six-Clerk, and flies to the Four-Courts for reinforcements—The names of some who came at the call of Themis—The battle renewed—Bellona, alarmed for the safety of Dennira, flies to the Barracks and brings the General himself

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*with a train of Warriors—Appearance of the General described—The combat rages with great fury—Philothemis takes off the General's wig and tramples it in the dust—Dennira seizes Papinian's wig and claps it on the General's head—Strange consequence of this manœuvre—Conduct of Papinian on the occasion—Chace interrupted by a stratagem of Bellona—Battle continues—Crow-street play-house in danger of being demolished—Distress of the Manager—Apollo interested for the Manager—Assumes the form of a musical Lord—takes his Violin—Plays an Adagio—Power of Music—Peace is restored—The Curtain rises and the Play begins.*

# AMAZONIAD;

OR

## FIGURE AND FASHION.

### THIRD CANTO.

OH might the bard some inspiration share,  
From him who sung Belinda's ravished hair!  
Oh might he borrow *Forteguerri's*\* verse,  
And beauty's power and knightly deeds rehearse!  
Or rival him, the banks of *Seine* along † 5  
Who told of Cleric feuds in lofty song,  
The fatal Desk, that dire contention bred,  
What hosts the Prelate and the Chanter led.  
Attend, fair dames, and, courtly lovers, hear,  
If martial scenes may captivate the ear. 10  
Oh could the days of chivalry revive,  
And champions bold to warring females give!  
Then should the knights in listed fields decide  
Claims of precedence—rival beauties' pride—



\* Author of *Ricciardetto*, a mock heroic poem.

† The *Lutrin* of *Boileau*.

And all the mighty questions, that perplex  
With burning hearts the soft aspiring sex :  
But flow'rs of chivalry no longer bloom ;  
Or flourish only on the silent tomb.  
The courteous knights are vanished from our ken,  
In lounging days we live of little men. 20  
What lady now may boast a courteous knight ?  
What errant champions now for beauty fight ?  
To whom shall dames their wounded pride impart ?  
Who slights avenge, that agonize the heart ?  
Election quarrels, or a cast at dice 25  
Can rouse contending champions in a trice ;  
But none, like true-born knights, will take the field  
When injured females must precedence yield.  
Our youths are all of courtesy bereft,  
Our females all to fight their battles left.\* 30  
Their snow-white hands the pond'rous lance sustain,  
Their shoes embroider'd tread th' embattl'd plain.  
Yet some exceptions, with delighted mind,  
Ev'n in degen'rate times the muse can find.  
Our females yet exhibit noble rage, 35  
When cards and dice their anxious thoughts engage.

~~~~~  
\* *Ariosto*—O gran bonta de cavalieri antiche.—

But haste we onwards. In my former lay,  
The rival dames commenc'd their cruel fray.  
This canto brings their combat to a close.—  
Then let my weary *Pegasus* repose. 40  
Pretensions high inflam'd each haughty mind ;  
Thrice with *Dennira* had the Duchess dined ;  
*Philothemis* recounts her noble race,  
Her husband's merits and exalted place.  
In force so match'd were never heroines yet, 45  
Since *Bradamantè* and *Marfisa* met.  
The Box-keepers aghast their fury view,  
Then wisely cautious from the fight withdrew.  
Three times *Philothemis* renew'd th' attack,  
As oft *Dennira's* legion drove her back. 50  
But wounded honour so the fair sustain'd,  
She pierc'd the lines, the leader's station gain'd.  
And thrice she strove to pull her from her seat,  
But ev'n to raise her was no trifling feat.  
Endow'd with strength and weight her place to  
hold, 55  
The dame was cast in nature's solid mold.—  
So, when contending parties vex a nation,  
Sits firmly fix'd some broad administration.\*

\* There are some vile, vulgar words adopted in modern politics—*Budget* and *Broad-bottomed* administration—*Budget* is

Panting she paus'd, and cast around her eyes,  
 A waiter with a bowl of tea she spies, 60  
 Fragrant the tepid steam arose, and bland ;  
 She caught the bev'rage from the bearer's hand ;  
 Full in *Demira's* face the bowl she threw,  
 The tea meand'ring down her bosom flew.  
 On the smooth orbs the milky currents glide ; 65  
 Thus thaws bedew the snow-crown'd hillock's side.  
 So, when her ample breast a wet-nurse shows,  
 The milk spontaneous from the nipple flows,  
 The spouting streams confess the source within,  
 And balmy currents irrigate her skin. 70  
 Lest pointed fragments should offend the fair,  
 The bowl of china was, by *Venus'* care,

borrowed from the avocation of a tinker : It supposes the minister to be an itinerant hireling, who deals in the basest metal, proposes more than he can do, and undertakes to stop the chinks and cracks of the leaky state, ruinous and rusty as an old kettle.—*Broad bottomed* administration is a vile phrase, it is meant to express an administration of weight, *pondere fixa suo*, but it may be turned to denote one that shews its a—, according to the passage in *Shakspeare* (*Measure for Measure*) “ *Esc.* What's your name, master Tapster ? ” *Pom.*—Pompey. *Esc.*—What else ? *Pom.*—Bum, sir. *Esc.* “ —Troth and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so “ that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great.”—No bad description of a *broad-bottomed* administration.



So guided, that it lodged upon her breast,\*  
 And, as a shield, that orb of beauty prest.  
 Adorn'd and guarded see the fair appear, 75  
 Thus eastern dancers bosom-cases wear.  
 Astonish'd, not dismay'd, *Dennira* stood,  
 And soon she dried away the milky flood.  
 Sternly she frown'd, as when with rage possest,  
 She drove unbidden youngsters from the feast.† 80  
 The foe came open-mouthed with rage impell'd;  
 An half-sucked orange as *Dennira* held,  
 Large as a cannon ball, not quite so hard;  
 With stedfast courage and with sharp regard,

~~~~~

\* The reader will find a very luxurious description of the dancing girls in Abbe *Raynal's* book. The good Abbe sometimes indulged himself, like his brother philosopher *Darwin*, in a strain of grave philosophical pruriency. He is truly eloquent on the subject of those bosom cases.

† Alluding to a curious story of *Dennira's* ejecting certain beaux from a party at a late entertainment given by her to their Excellencies, she went up to two Gentlemen, (one a Mr. C - - - n, the name of the other I have forgot) and expressed her surprise, how Gentlemen would come uninvited: they asserted they got Tickets; she said she wrote all the Tickets herself and sent them, and that they were not of the number. The Gentlemen retired, and enclosed their Tickets the following day to her Ladyship, when she recollected she gave six Tickets to Sir C - - - - - V - - - - -, for his friends, and supposed these two were of the number.

She marked the vantage, her artillery ply'd; 85  
'There, where the portals of her face stood wide,  
Forceful she drove her instrument of death,\*  
And stopt at once her triumph and her breath.  
Sputt'ring she fell, the Tipstaffs came in aid,  
Sped their commission, and the fair convey'd 90  
'To safe retreat, with small remains of life;  
Then all her partizans desert the strife.—  
And now *Dennira* had the triumph gain'd,  
And firm possession of the box retain'd:  
But *Themis* sorrowing, mark'd her fav'rite's fate, 95  
And new assailants join the fierce debate.—  
Drest like a Six-clerk to the Courts she flew,  
And summoned to the fight a motley crew.  
Masters, and barristers, attorneys came,  
With meek solicitors, an humble name; 100  
Some flaunt in silks, and some in tatter'd rags;  
Some were slight armed, and some with loaded bags.  
Ev'n ermin'd sages came to join the fray,  
Who spread her rule with delegated sway.—

~~~~~

\* Instrument of death.—Let not this expression be thought hyperbolical, when applied to an Orange.—We are told that *Anacreon* was choaked by a much smaller substance, a grape stone. The Poet has very properly adapted the weapons with which his Ladies fought to the delicacy of the female frame.

Like the stout swimmer, puffing thro' the hall, 105  
 The noble \* *Eolist* obeys her call,  
 And as he vented forth each spell of wind,  
 He gave a piece and parcel of his mind.  
 Next smooth - - - -, sly and sneering still,  
 Came, more for love of mischief than good will. 110  
 He cared not who might victory obtain,  
 And only wish'd that he himself should gain.  
 An Elephant in size, without dispute,  
 And ev'n in sense, a wise, half-reasoning brute, †  
 Came solemn \* \* \* \*s gigantic form and vast : 115  
 The very pavement labour'd as he past.  
 Then *G*——, in simple, plain exterior join'd  
 With sordid cunning of a vulgar mind :  
 Mild as the north wind, civil as the bear,  
 Half in judicial robes was *Wormwood* there. 120  
 With surly pride his downcast eye-ball scowl,  
 In deep long notes he does not speak, but growl :  
 Oh may he soon be placed at *N*——'s side  
 And all his sweetness to his ear confide.



\* *Eolists*, a sect of ancient philosophers, who dealt much in puffing and ventosity.—See Swift's Essay on the mechanical operation of the spirit.

† So *Pope*—"Half-reasoning Elephant."

Among the foremost, summoned by the dame ; 125  
 The bellowing B - - - -, for ever forward, came.  
 Not him I mean in equity profound,  
 But him more frequently in *Green-street* found.  
 Of *Macs* a pair I mark'd among the croud,  
 Elate in hope, of courtly favour proud. 130  
 At Levee too I mark'd them in the press,  
 With gay pretensions, splendid as their dress.  
 Oh just pretensions, happy is the wight,  
 That Princes can approach, or Farces write !  
 Grim as a collier, with precursive roar, 135  
 Foaming and sweating like a hunted boar,  
*Axungia* \* came, and B - - - - was in his wake,  
 Ye reeking warm his vacant chair to take.†  
 There shall he shine another and the same,  
 With equal dignity and equal fame. 140  
 A dingy mist ascended as he went,  
 With flagging wings the breeze received the scent,  
 The ducklings quak'd, the sky was overcast,  
 The weather-glasses fell where'er he past.  
 He too was there, who double worth display'd, 145  
 In Chanc'ry solemn, martial on parade,

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\* Hogs-lard, or the grease of a Cartwheel—it may be applied, to signify any thick black, gross, fetid, unctuous substance.

† Alludes to some projected or rumoured judicial arrangements in the Island of *Barataria*.

By *Corney* singled from th' aspiring bar,  
And master named for mastery in war.  
With scowling brow pedantic - - - - goes,  
*Hibernian Garret*, fam'd for length of nose. 150  
Sober and prim as any ancient maid,  
The thrifty - - - - - marches to their aid.  
They claim his presence in a double right,  
Master by day, Policeman in the night.  
Such promptitude must win *Papinian's* grace, 155  
Too long repugnant to the sale of place.\*  
With cuffs of scarlet and with coat of blue,  
Then prating *M*- - - - - † waddled with the crew;  
" Silence and order," *D*- - - - - full oft exclaim'd,  
But his and *N*- - - - -'s tongues would not be tam'd ;  
Ambitious stationer, on objects high 161  
Of twofold kind he squints with leering eye ;  
To conservator's chair at once he looks,  
And pompous *A*- - - - -'s shop and gilded books,  
High-minded man, who scarce a nod affords 165  
To commoners, and keeps his bow for lords.

\* I believe we should read *plaiice* here, in allusion to some obscure story about Fishmonger's contracts.

† He was peculiarly fit for the ranks of *Themis*, both as having a shop in the Four Courts, and being a conservator.

---

With judgment like his voice both strong and clear,  
*Papinian* takes his station in the rear;  
The post of danger wisely he declined,  
Good generals still in safety should we find. 170  
All these and countless more to *Crow-street* throng,  
Old *Liffey* wonders as they march along.

*Dennira* needed, to resist the crowd,  
All strength and courage that her stars allow'd;  
But heav'n, that always makes the brave its care,  
Brought new assistance to sustain the fair. 176  
*Bellona* mark'd the foe's approach from far,  
And sought the General to support the war;  
Her the slow cart-horse, and the scarlet cloak,  
A private trooper of the guards bespoke.\* 180-  
She trotted slowly, 'twas her swiftest rate,  
And timely enter'd at the Barrack gate.  
She called as shrill as cock announcing morn,  
She called as loud as loudest bugle-horn.  
"Turn out the picket, † and to *Crow-street* haste."  
—She added not, but to *Kilmainham* past, 186

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\* The Dragoon Guards or Green Horse.

† The Picket guard, which is always ready against cases of emergency.

The seat of war, and piety of yore,\*  
 The Templar's cross when streaming banners bore ;  
 Now invalids their frugal porridge eat,  
 While gay *Dennira* spreads the sumptuous treat. 190  
 The general in the surgeon's hands she found,  
 On either shin appear'd a desp'rate wound ;†  
 While *R - - - y*, a *Machaon* in his art,  
 With fomentations sooth'd th' offended part :  
 The scars of honour on his front appear, 195  
 Tho' foil'd in fight with ambush'd tubs of beer.‡  
 So, when *Achilles* war with *Xanthus* wag'd,  
 The splashing fight in foaming liquor rag'd.—  
 His wig uncurled with amber current swims,  
 A petticoat invests his mighty limbs; 200  
 His small-cloaths in the conflict wet and torn,  
 Left his posteriors naked and forlorn.



\* *Kilmainham*, now an hospital for invalids, and also the residence of some general officer, was formerly a commandery of the Knights of *St. John of Jerusalem*.

† A famous army surgeon and member of the medical board and hospital staff, in the time of the *Trojan* war. See *Gazette d'Homere*.

‡ This alludes to an incident which actually took place at *Mrs. Peter's* collation.—The worthy General fell over some tubs of beer or porter and spoiled his uniform, particularly his small-cloaths.

In vain for galligaskins might he call,  
 Thy breeches, *Peter*, were by half too small.  
 That good *Petrina*, gentle as she's fair, 205  
 Wears not the breeches, let the muse declare.  
 An highlander you might the Gen'ral vote,  
 But dimity compos'd his petticoat.  
 Far happier function it perform'd of old,  
*Petrina's* beauteous members to enfold; 210  
 Now it conceals, puff'd out in high relief,  
 The great posteriors \* of the valiant chief.  
 " Gen'ral arise, for this important now,  
 " Is fraught with ornaments to crown thy brow;†  
 " To *Crow-street* haste, where laurels may be found;  
 " And desp'rate foes thy better half surround."

Soon as the Goddess pour'd upon his ear 217  
 The dangers that await his dearest dear,  
 He stays not to prepare his good grey steed;  
 (For soldiers double ride, in case of need,) 220

\* Some copies read, "anterior," *Baudius Arsenius* prefers it, and it is sanctioned by the *Toledo* manuscript; I should therefore be inclined to let it stand in the text.

† "Ornaments to crown thy brow." That was calculated to excite a variety of ideas, and applied equally to his hopes of honour and his fears of disgrace. The abruptness of the address has great energy and spirit.



On her alone his whole attention dwelt,  
 His trim forgotten and his wounds unfelt:  
 Behind *Bellona* on the crupper plac'd,  
 In martial mood this pair to *Crow-street* pac'd.  
 Nor helm, nor hawberk, nor the shining brand  
 The warrior took—a truncheon arm'd his hand. 226  
 Thus, when *Albracca's* \* beauteous maid they sought,  
 One steed with *Ferräü*, *Rinaldo* brought.

Now might the hostile troops each other view,  
 And mutual rancour at the prospect grew. 230  
 A pass from *Crow-street* leads to *Temple-bar*,  
 There light and heavy bands commence the war;  
 Unguarded this *Papinian* hop'd to find,  
 No 'vantage ever scap'd his wary mind; †  
 A soldier old, in senate and in field, 235  
 Well practis'd when to strike, and when to yield.  
 At this eventful time the Gen'ral came;  
 His presence fill'd his troops with warlike flame:



\* *Angelica*, the daughter of *Galafron*—See *Orlando Furioso*.—  
 Book the first.

“ Non lascie a piedi il buon figliuol d'*Amone*,  
 “ Con prieghi invita, & al fin toglie in groppa,  
 “ E per l'Orme a' *Angelica* galoppa.”

† Questo *Brunel* si pratico e si astuto.

Against *Papinian* as he spurr'd his horse,  
 The pavement trembled with his solid course, 240  
 The mud of *Temple-bar* a vortex rose,  
 Then fell in sable torrents on his foes,  
*Papinian* stepp'd aside, and 'scap'd unhurt,  
 But fat *M-----* was tumbled in the dirt.  
 As o'er some steepy bridge of single arch 245  
 The warriors o'er his mountain-belly march.  
 The waiters mark'd him as he groaning lay,  
 And to a chop-house bore the chief away. \*

Now sober *D-----* the furious onset stay'd,  
 "Order, decorum, gentlemen," he said, † 250  
 "Ev'n in a battle let politeness reign."—  
 Then *N——* chaunted forth an Orthian strain,  
 "Britons strike home"—The martial sound imparts  
 Redoubled energy to warlike hearts.



\* Something is here omitted.—The author has not expressed himself clearly. Quere; for what purpose Mr. *M-----* was conveyed to the chop-house? was it to eat, or to be eaten? I suspect the latter.—I have heard it whispered, that his *Calipash* or *Calipee* were made into Turtle soup.

† The composed and dignified character of the judge, so fond of order and decorum, so full of phlegm on every occasion, is well delineated here.

Dire was the fight with re-percussive shocks,<sup>255</sup>  
 Shoving and thrusting, furious blows and knocks.  
 The Deities among the crowd appear;  
 There *Themis* urg'd the fight, *Bellona* here.  
 But *Themis* ever should resistless sway;  
 Her bands to *Crow-street* cut their furious way.<sup>260</sup>  
 In lobby and in box was fight renew'd,  
 Porter and blood the valiant hands embrew'd.  
 Tea, coffee, negus, on the ground were spilt;  
 And warriors sunk, not wholly dead, but *kilt*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 Unarm'd and naked fly the female bands; <sup>265</sup>  
 The men pursue them, with rapacious hands.  
 We read in chronicles of ancient fame,  
 To *Roman* plays when *Sabine* ladies came,  
 On trembling dames impetuous warriors flew,  
 And every *Roman* blade his rapier drew.— <sup>270</sup>  
 Oaths, shrieks, screams, scolding, groans, are heard  
 afar,  
 The house presents a dreadful form of war,<sup>†</sup>



\* An Hibernicism.—The combatants were not killed dead;  
 but destined to live a little longer, *more Hibernorum*.

“ ——— Crudelis ubique,

“ Luctus, ubique pavor, & plurima mortis

“ Imago.”

VIRGIL.

† Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,

---

Scratch'd faces, bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,  
 Torn waistcoats, tatter'd kerchiefs, wigs and gowns.  
 Such beauteous wigs as *Grecian* ladies drest,<sup>275</sup>  
 Such curls as flow'd o'er *Agrippina's* breast ;  
 Muffs, tippets, ruffs, and pads are scatter'd round ;  
 Divorces, \* purgatories, strew the ground ;  
 Beads, bugles, tassels, ribbands, fringes, lace,  
 Pennaches, turbans, hats are scatter'd through the  
                   place. 280

With eyes of jet beneath an ebon brow,  
 And locks, that vied in blackness with the crow,  
 Long in alliance with *Dennira* tied,  
 A lively Amazon was at her side ;  
 Whose hue tho' dark might shame the fairest fair ;  
 Her form was elegance and grace her air : 286  
 In mystic rites of *Cl—e* a priestess fam'd,  
 Her sov'reign sway ferocious care had tam'd ;



\* *Divorces*, so called in the nomenclature of female dress, are certain articles or instruments, stiffened with iron and steel, which are applied to the Ladies breasts, to give them a proper degree of consistency and projection, by preventing their collapsing, or coming too closely in contact with each other.—The *Purgatory* is a part of female dress, worn lower down.—Various conjectures may be formed as to the origin of the name.

The soul of frolic, form'd in all to please ;  
 She curs'd, she swore, she gam'd, she drank, with  
 ease. 290

The Heroine shone conspicuous in the van ;  
 For never had she turn'd her back to man.  
 In ev'ry glance pernicious lightning flew,  
 And kill'd the victim that her arm o'erthrew :  
 The pride of warriors to the ground she cast, 295  
 Then spurn'd the dead, and to new triumph past.  
 Her fatal march a chief undaunted ey'd, \*  
 His crest was haughty and his chest was wide ;  
 His ample jowls that red and white display'd,  
 Seem'd for the stalls of some cathedral made ; 300  
 His mouth was form'd with an expression meet  
 Good things to utter, and good things to eat :  
 More apt he seem'd for *Cytherea's* war  
 Than wordy contests of the brawling bar.  
 Serene he rear'd, amid the howling storm; 305  
 His comely visage, and his portly form.  
 His twinkling eyes he roll'd, his smile confest  
 The bosom pregnant with a coming jest.

\* This episode is in the true Homeric spirit. The manners of the heroic ages are well observed in the conversation which takes place in the heat of battle, in the idea of stripping the spoils, and in the employments destined for captive ladies.

“ Yield hardy fair, (the legal champion cry’d)  
“ Thyself my captive, and thy spoils my pride, 310  
“ Thou shalt in triumph to my tent be led,  
“ Preside at breakfast, and partake my bed ;  
“ Thy skirt a night-cap on my head be worn :  
“ Thy robe, a curtain shall my couch adorn ;  
“ Thy *Recamier* I seize, heroic dame, 315  
“ To hold my briefs a trophy of my fame.”——  
“ Never, by heavens (th’ indignant heroine cry’d)  
“ This faithful *Recamier*\* shall quit my side ;  
“ Or blessed sun while vital air I draw,  
“ Shall see me captive to a man of law. 320  
“ Have I not met embattled, face to face,  
“ At golden hazard, a superior race ;  
“ Youths that would stake upon a single die,  
“ More than whole terms to such as thou supply.  
“ Oh mirthful orgies, never to return ! 325  
“ Oh chiefs that rest within the silent urn !  
“ Begone,— I fly to Albion’s happy strand,  
“ I scorn to rest in this degraded land.”  
She turn’d with sorrowing yet contemptuous mind,  
The chief impetuous seiz’d her fast behind ; 330

~~~~~  
\* A part of female dress which has superseded the use of petticoats, and somewhat resembles a pair of small-cloaths. It is usually made of some very elastic materials.

The lady and her spoils he deem'd his prize,  
But light as air she disembodiy'd flies ;  
Nor stay'd her course on *Erin's* hated plains  
While her *rear-admiral* \* the foe detains.  
Not *Phæbus* felt more sorrow or amaze, 335  
When, *Daphne* lost, he fill'd his hand with bays.

As in the van the doughty Gen'ral stood,  
*Philothemis* beheld in wrathful mood ;  
She springs like light'ning to the foremost rank;  
She smote his brows with steaming porter dank ;  
Then from his head the dripping wig she tore  
And stamp'd contemptuous on the dusty floor ; 342  
And were it laurel it had been the same,  
So full of fury was the warlike dame :  
Frowning he stood with head expos'd and bare ;  
To guard and grace it was *Dennira's* care. 346  
But whence or how?—Lo where *Papinian* stands,  
With waving curls that equity demands ;

~~~~~

\* Also a part of female dress or rather of the embodied female substance ; something like it was formerly used under the name of *mont en ciel* ; it is stationed in the rear, as the term imports.

---

In swift reprisal, on the prey she flies,  
And crowns her husband with the glorious prize.\*  
Not with more pride did chief of ancient *Rome*  
In triumph bear the *opima spolia* home 352  
Than did the Gen'ral.—As he past the crowd,  
The tipstafFs to the wig official bow'd;  
The mace the wig omnipotent obey'd; 355  
The purse before him was in state display'd:  
The lawyers made obeisance as he went;  
Th' attornies all in adoration bent.—  
'Tis not the man that can attention call;  
Symbols of pow'r, be sure, are all in all. 360  
The crown, the sceptre, and the purple robe,  
Will veneration claim around the globe.  
Who cassoc short and sleeve of cambric wears,†  
In God right reverend to the crowd appears.

---

\* Let not the malicious reader take an improper meaning from this line, as if the fair *Dennira* ever thought of adorning or fortifying the brows of her husband in a manner contrary to the Articles of War, with Hornworks, Halfmoons or the like, introduced by French engineers.

† The habiliments of Episcopacy.



"Hark away, Tally ho"\*—the stout *Papinian* cried,  
 All *Crow-street* rung and *Drury-lane* replied. 366  
 From ev'ry avenue the footmen bawl,  
 And orange-wenchesc/scream from ev'ry stall;  
 The butchers dogs are heard with open throat,  
 And curs and turnspits join their treble note; 370  
 Carmen and porters, to partake the sport,  
 Mount their gall'd jades and gallop to the court.  
 The barristers and agents join the race;  
 Such hunting ne'er was seen since *Chery Chace*.  
*Papinian*† found his trusty hunter nigh, 375  
 He led the jolly train with potent cry.  
 O'er squeaking beklams in their haste they rode,  
 On sprawling pigs the fiery courser trode;  
 They splash'd, they dash'd, with frantic fear possest,  
 The mothers snatch'd their infants to the breast.‡

\* This is highly in character.—*Papinian*, who is a mighty hunter before the Lord, has a view hollow of his wig breaking cover, and very properly pursues it in a grand style, as is here described.

† The going off thus in the middle of the fight was a truly politic stroke; this is what is called backing one's friends—as Falstaff says. This passage deserves to be studied, as containing a most excellent and instructive moral lesson.

‡ So Virgil—"Et trepidæ matres presserunt ad ubera nato."

The wise *Bellona* to divert the storm, 381  
 Drew off the hunters in a badger's form: \*  
 Th' attractive scent the sportsmen keen pursue,  
 O'er the green hills, and vanish from the view.  
 The Gen'ral to the courts of justice wept, 385  
 For to his brain the wig some crotchets lent.  
 His triumph o'er the foe seem'd incomplete,  
 If to the wig he added not the seat.  
 Some plodding lawyers at their briefs had stay'd,  
 They read, and wondered why the court delay'd;  
 They made obeisance when the wig they saw,  
 The Gen'ral sate and gave them martial law;  
 Then bade the Master-adjutant report, 393  
 And so *manœuvred* fairly out of court.

Meantime, without the play-house, and within,  
 The storm of battle raged with frightful din. 396  
 Tho' many from th' embattled field retir'd,  
 Those who remain'd, with double fury fir'd,  
 Bit, scratch'd, and tore.—their shouts spread far and  
     wide  
 And what their numbers lost their rage supplied.



\* Observe here a dignus vindice nodus, To make the triumph of her favorite complete. *Bellona* contrives to draw off the hunters,

The heat of warring factions to compose, 401  
 The lovely Duchess from her seat arose,  
 With looks and accents that might well controul  
 The wild disorder of a maniac's soul.  
 " Now ken you weel, (the bonny Duchess cries)  
 " These cheels wull mak a muckle din arise. 406  
 " What gars them thrang to sic envenom'd fra?  
 " Ca' the poleese and let them gang awa;  
 " Fou sair it makes me greet, 'tis unco strange  
 " Sae wild disorder thrae the hoose shad range."

In vain her Grace this eloquence bestow'd ; 411  
 Still, still they roar'd, and still the combat glow'd ;  
 And such the furious appetite for fight,  
 The play-house had been sack'd that very night,  
 Had not *Apollo* heard in gentle tones 415  
 The rising orisons of pious *Jones*.  
 Not with more piety or more despair,  
 To father *Jove*, *Eneas* breath'd his prayer,\*  
 When *Trojan* matrons, urg'd by *Juno's* ire,  
 Or potent stingo, set his ships on fire. 420  
 In *A* - - -'s shape the God from heaven descends,  
 Athwart his breast the ribband blue extends ;

\* See *Eneid*; Book 5th Line 685.

" Tum pius *Eneas* humeris obscindere vestem," &c.

His florid hue and simp'ring face he wore,  
 A brisky juvenile, not quite fourscore.\*  
 He held the fiddle, and the bow he ply'd; 425  
 Like *L——h*, *Mercury* was at his side;  
 And sooty *Vulcan* with a limping pace;  
 Behind them carried an enormous bass:

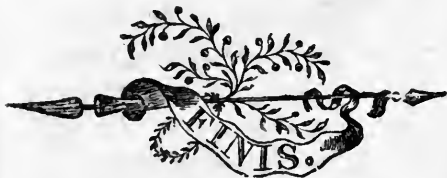
Oh power of music ! savage is the breast,  
 That has not concord of sweet sounds confest ! 430  
 " Hush ev'ry breeze" th' immortal fiddler play'd;  
 The din subsided, and the fight was stay'd.  
 A sweet *Adagio* to the tune succeeds,  
 A tender strain, that melancholy feeds,  
 Then, *Siciliano*, innocent and kind, 435  
 To mutual fondness sooth'd the hostile mind.  
 The warriors to the ground their weapons threw,  
 To clasp each other in embrace they flew ;  
 By mutual aid they recompose their hair,  
 And all disorders of their dress repair. 440  
 Those who so late were interchanging blows,  
 Sate amicable now, in peaceful rows :  
 Discord was dumb, and Emulation dead,  
 All contests now, but of politeness fled.

~~~~~  
 \* Apollo was endowed with perpetual youth. vid. Pantheon:

*Philothemis* the box disputed gain'd, 445  
The next *Dennira* quietly retain'd ;  
And all the rest without a murmur sate  
As *Macanally* pleas'd, or ruling fate.  
The curtain rose—the silence was profound.  
Thus harmony the power of music crown'd.\* 450

~~~~~

\* Thus happily ended this great contest for the present ; but as the ladies are so apt to put themselves into heats, I would advise, in order to keep them cool, that to the present refreshments at the drawing-rooms of the Duchess, such as lemonade, orangeade, and orgeat, ices may be added.







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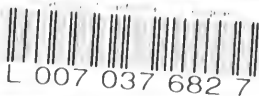
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